

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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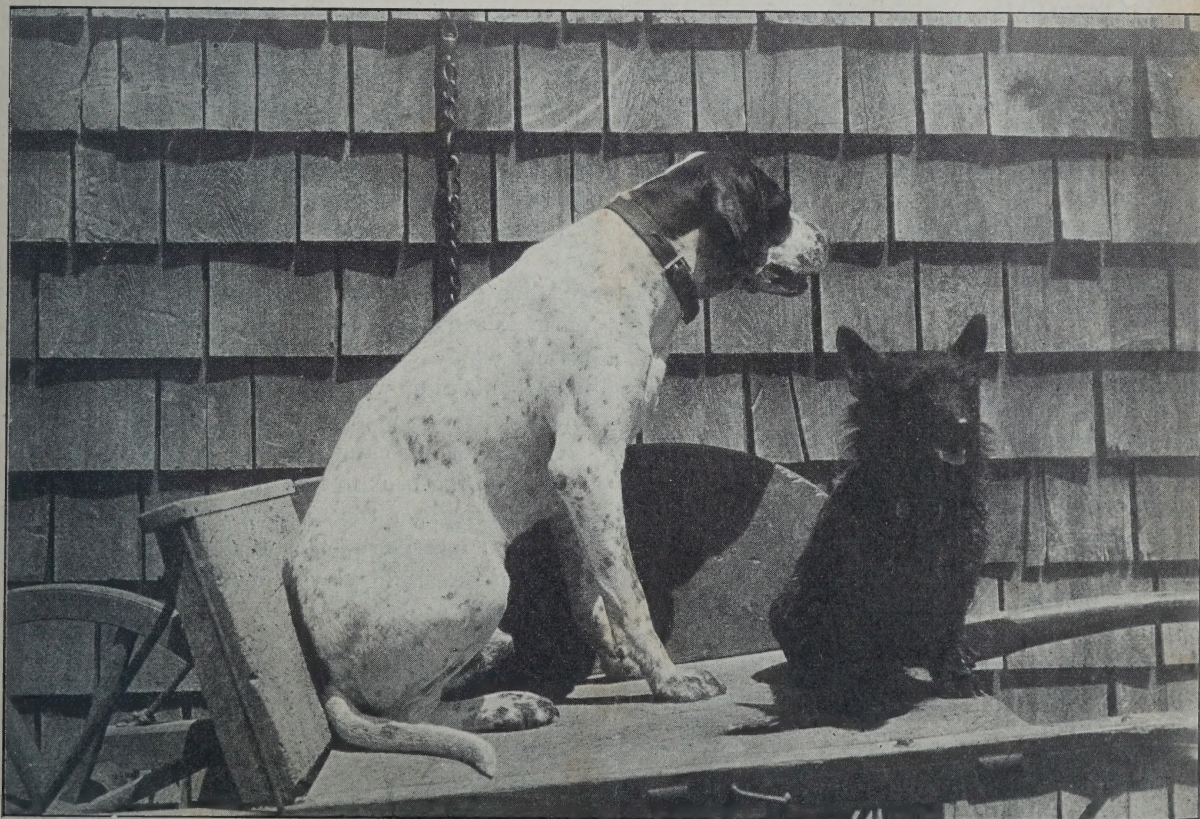
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TWO MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE.

WHAT HUMANE WORKERS ARE DOING

Lady Lennox, president of the Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals employed in War, called a meeting in London in which it was proposed that farriers in the present war, who after battle go out to attend to wounded horses, shall receive the same protection as is accorded under the Red Cross to those who alleviate the sufferings of men. It was stated that the objects of this society have been communicated to churches and to the people by means of sermons and addresses in many cities and towns in England and on the Continent. Prominent representatives of France, Belgium and Holland have been approached with the view of interesting them in the movement, and President Loubet has expressed his approval of the society's object.

The Queen of the Netherlands commanded her Grand Chamberlain to advise the Red Cross Society of England to petition the government to take the initiative in bringing about an international agreement for the protection of those who after a battle mitigate the sufferings of wounded animals.

It is not simply mercy, it is common justice to alleviate as far as possible the sufferings of war horses. Thousands of horses are wounded and left on the battlefield to suffer all the misery of their wounds, to which is added the torture of thirst that is intensified by their fevered condition. These horses have not the inward satisfaction that the soldier is supposed to feel in believing that he is a martyr to a cause; they are suffering and dying in obedience to man and in his service. Under such circumstances it would seem as if any fair-minded person would say that some attention should be paid to them when they are wounded. Hospitals and ambulances cannot be provided them, but they can be given a speedy release from their suffering.

There is great need of the movement that has been made to lessen the sufferings of the war horses, for among the many barbarities that are engendered by war, selling for a merely nominal price

wounded and used-up horses has been a most disgraceful act allowed by the government. The London Daily Mail says that the barbarities practised upon these wretched horses have been beyond words. Sick and wounded, they have been crowded upon railway trucks and left for several days without food or water. A large percentage of them were found to be dead when the end of the journey was reached, and many were lying under the feet of those that were standing, too weak to get up again, yet still alive to suffer. Is it not inconceivable that such horrible cruelties are allowed in this age of the world's history? Yet, when we consider that in Christian countries, or countries that call themselves Christian, difficulties are still being settled by men going forth to kill each other, nothing is surprising that is wrong. Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews." The obvious inference of this is that those who fight or who advocate fighting have no right to call themselves the followers of Christ, or Christians.

Secretary E. K. Whitehead of the Colorado Humane Society is preparing tables along sociological lines in connection with the work of the Humane Society, says the Denver, Colorado, Times. The endeavors of the society will soon be pushed along scientific lines. Printed slips with space for the details of each case reported are being prepared, and a kind of Bertillon system for measuring the moral and other qualities of parents whose children come under the notice of the organization will soon be put in use. The object of the new departure is to find the reason back of all cases of cruelty. Mr. Whitehead is getting back to first principles. The new data will register the cause, as nearly as can be learned, of every crime reported.

This is something new in humane society work. No other organization in the country has tried the scheme. The results are expected to make the work of the bureau much easier.

What One Woman is Doing

The Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, Record says that the Humane Society is determined that the Sunday, cockfights must be stopped. Nearly every Sunday, sports congregate in various sections of the county and carry on this cruel pastime.

Mrs. Bertels had an interview with Sheriff Jacobs one Saturday and informed him of three different cockfights that were to take place on Sunday and asked that he have deputies on hand to arrest the participants, as well as those spectators they could get. The sheriff agreed to do all in his power and on Sunday sent out three of his deputies, Rodda, O'Donnell and Seiple. The fights were to take place at Newtown, Georgetown and Sowryville, and the deputies went to all of the places, but evidently the sports received warning that the officers were on their trail, as none of the fights took place: in some instances birds were found in barrels and a few people were on hand.

Mrs. Bertels said she heard rumors that an agent of the Humane Society warned the sporting men that arrests were to be made, which resulted in the failure of the deputies in rounding up the sports. This she says is not true, as the humane agent was in Pottsville on Friday and Saturday. She says the sports were given warning from some other quarter. She continued by saying that she is determined that these game fights on Sunday must be stopped, and she is not going to leave anything undone in this respect. If the sheriff with his men cannot catch the participants she intends to secure the services of a number of detectives from Philadelphia. She also complains that after arrests are made it is a hard matter to convict the guilty parties in the local courts. Two years ago last Decoration Day ten men were arrested for getting up a cockfight, but true bills could not be found against them and the matter was dropped. This so-called sport takes place almost every Sunday.

To open Canine Cemetery

The Idlewild Canine Cemetery Association is the name of a new corporation which has taken title to a five-acre tract north of the depot, Central Islip, Long Island, to be used exclusively as the final resting place for dogs whose owners have means sufficient to purchase a plot. Mrs. Myra St. Maur Stephens of West Hoboken, New Jersey, is at the head of the corporation and is now arranging for the clearing of the land.

It is reported that Mrs. Stephens will have for her patrons many prominent dog fanciers both in New York and Brooklyn who at present are

forced to dispose of the remains of their pet canines in a manner shocking to their sensibilities. The cemetery is the only one of the kind on the island, and the plots will doubtless be sold without difficulty. The plan is to have the ground laid out without regard to time and labor, in order that the cemetery will present a fine appearance.

The graves in the canine cemetery will be marked with stones on which will be inscribed the name, et cetera, of the dogs buried there. There are on several of the larger country places on the south side of the island burial grounds for dogs and cats, but none of them is known to contain gravestones, although in one or two cases there are wooden headboards.

The New Jersey sporting men have been defeated in their vigorous endeavor to prevent the bill against the slaughter of pigeons from passing the house and the senate. Some of the senators also worked hard to defeat the bill, but public opinion this time was too strong for them, and after this there will be no more cruel scenes enacted in which the gentle, innocent dove, the emblem of peace, will be first trapped, then brutally slaughtered. The churches took the matter up and ministers preached sermons and used their influence to advance the cause of humanity in their state. Mr. George McCarthy, president of the Hudson County Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who has labored persistently to bring about this desired end, is to be congratulated on a final success.

The secretary of the Town Improvement Association of Montclair, N. J., asked at the annual meeting of that society if parents were not responsible for the heartlessness shown in pigeon killing and other bird slaughter, by giving their sons air guns to amuse themselves with. The air gun and the sling shot in the hands of boys undoubtedly result in much cruelty to birds and small animals and in hardening the hearts of the boys.

A new society is being organized in New York for the purpose of promoting kindness to animals. The name suggested is the Henry Bergh Humane Society. Those interested in it have held several meetings.

Laura Biggar, the actress, who is said to be dying, has had a clause inserted in her will bequeathing more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to the Asbury Park Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Providence, Rhode Island, Bulletin says: "The Rhode Island Humane Education Society is the title of a new association for which papers of incorporation have been filed in the office of the Secretary of State. Its purpose is to promote humane education and develop humane sentiment by distributing humane literature among the youth of the public schools, doing a work auxiliary to that done by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The society is formed to carry out in a more extensive way the work of disseminating literature, which has heretofore been done by a committee of the society with the long name. The incorporators of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society are Chief Justice Stiness of the Supreme Court, Judge William H. Sweetland, Howard O. Sturges, Rev. Henry Bassett, Barton A. Ballou, Alfred Stone, Louis L. Angell, Sarah J. Eddy, Ellen E. Bartlett and Sarah S. Danielson."

In Omaha, Nebraska, a meeting has been held to talk over plans by which an ordinance can be formulated to regulate the maximum size of a load. The idea is to throw the blame for overloading horses where it belongs, on the owners of the teams instead of the drivers, and so make them responsible. This ordinance is to apply especially to coal, sand, gravel, cement, rock, bricks and lumber.

The Humane Society of Des Moines, Iowa, has received a fine legacy from Isaiah Showers of Traer. It is a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, and now the question is how to put it to the best use. Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, secretary of the society, expresses a wish that a family may be put in charge of the farm and that a temporary home may be offered to children and deserted wives, and that old horses may find an asylum there after years of toil. This is certainly an ideal plan, and it is to be hoped the money may be provided wherewith to carry it out.



STORIES THAT ARE SAID TO BE TRUE



My Mountain Friends

In the southwestern part of New Hampshire, Mt. Monadnock holds up his head 3,100 feet above the level of the sea, and nestled on the southwesterly slope at an elevation of 2,100 feet is a little cozy hotel where I spent the whole of last summer.

Fair days brought numbers of guests from the hills and valleys below us, to enjoy the scenery and the climb of a mile to the summit. But after the last team had gone down the mountain at night, we became a little community of our own, and of no little importance were the animals.

Molly, the roan horse, made daily trips to Fitzwilliam for the mail and provisions and kept the little establishment going. She was bought from a livery stable before the season began, and when brought to the door to wait for her driver would stand so still with her ears laid back and with no happiness in her eyes, showing she had not been used to kindness, that I used to wish I might have her confidence and know her whole life story. Her unfaltering faithfulness to her duty was an example. Molly herself never forgot to stop for a neighbor's mail bag, no matter what may have been the hurry to the village, or how tired and hungry she may have been when coming home. She was hard to win, but with the expert care and sympathy she received in the stable, the consideration of her driver, and the little attentions from the household, after a while she was contented and seemed happy. She very soon learned that my step in the stable meant a handful of corn and, while she would follow me with her eyes until she got it, would never ask for it. But when the apples came, she was so fond of them she could not help teasing.

Tommy was the other horse, a cunning little gray fellow, who did the extra errands and went to the village now and then to give Molly a day of rest. When he with his young master of thirteen years started down the mountain with the little dogcart, we knew they were in for a jolly good time. Tommy was not only cunning, but so trusty he could sometimes be sent without a driver. One day when a party of men left their auto at a farmhouse at the foot of the mountain, and, after

climbing to the summit, felt too tired on their return to walk the mile and a quarter to the gate, they wished to be driven down. It was a busy day, and no driver could be spared, so Tommy was sent alone, and after the men had helped him turn about, he came straight back to the house, not stopping once to nibble the grass beside the road, as he might have done. He, too, was fond of apples, and he and Molly were fast friends.

Soon after the house opened the cook said she must have a cat to keep away the mice; so the kindly man who brought the people from Troy who came on the trains, in a day or two brought us a cat and her little yellow baby. She came in a box, which was taken into the office and opened with much interest. When the mother, who was frightened any way, saw a sea of strange faces she made a spring,

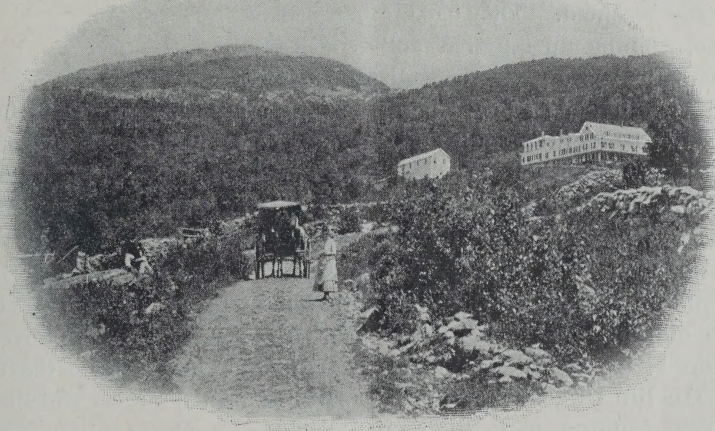
and as some one came in just then, escaped through the door, and next morning appeared at her old home three miles away. Next day she was sent back with another baby, in the hope that both would surely keep her. This time she was released in the laundry with much care, and

the cook and the rest of the household did everything in their power to win her confidence, but it was of no use. At the first opportunity she escaped, this time through the window on the laundry stairway, but she did not desert her little ones. She hung about, coming into see them when no one knew it, bringing them mice and moles, and any food she could find in the woods. At last she found the chance she had been waiting for, and stole her babies away from us. We did not see them for days and, as they did not appear at their old home, we were filled with anxiety and regret.

One evening at dusk we saw them playing down in the road just below the house. Then another effort was made to win and tame them, but of no

use; they were too wild and happy; at length a long cold storm forced the mother to take refuge under the piazza at the end of the house. Then the whole household redoubled their efforts to win the mother and tame the kittens. Young Freddy and Alfred spent long hours patiently coaxing and enticing she kittens, and had really succeeded in taming them when the mother, who would not have anything to do with any one of us, except to eat the food we offered her when we were not looking, took her babies off again, and it was three days before we saw any of them. In the evening of that third day a little wail was heard at one of the kitchen doors. When it was opened there was the little silver-gray kitten, so thin and starved that the laundress took her into her apron and cried over her. The next day the little yellow

fellow appeared in the same condition, and the mother had reached her old home. We all said the mother had decided that the Mountain House would be a good place for her babies, but not for her; that she had started for home, the babies had followed, were sent back and had



MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

lost their way. In the mean time Freddy had a beautiful silver-gray kitten given to him, exactly like the "twin," but a little older. These three kittens became the life of the house. The largest one was named Lovely Lump and the twins Pussy Willow and Ofar.

There was an unwritten law at the Mountain House which was observed, that no animal, wild or tame, should meet with anything but kindness. No matter how early one looked out, the kittens were to be seen at their morning frolic in front of the house.

One morning about four o'clock a party of us started for Point Surprise to see the sunrise. Who should we find following us but the three kittens! After that they always went to Point

Surprise if invited and very often when they were not. They seemed to appreciate the delightful well-kept paths through the woods as well as the rest of us. Once Lovely Lump went up Mount Rosa, a beautiful spur at the left of the summit.

There was an old chair in the kitchen with a canvas seat, which made such a good sleeping place for the kittens that it was given over to them from the first. When all three were taking naps at the same time the whole household used to admire. But the season was going, and the house would be closed, and what should we do with the kittens? It was hard to decide. One day late in the season a lady came to the Mountain House to get cured of her hay fever, and when she went away Lovely Lump went with her to a most delightful home in Dorchester, Massachusetts, where I suppose the best is none too good for him. The day he went away all three kittens were invited to take a last trip to Point Surprise and accepted. They had the gayest sort of a time, running up the trees and after each other. They all seemed perfectly well, but just as the party reached the house on their return dear little yellow Ofar had a dreadful fit. He had never seemed quite as strong as the others, and often preferred to stay in the clothes yard with the laundress to taking the long scrambles with his mates. The cook wrapped him in a warm blanket and put him into the chair he loved so well and tried to make him comfortable, but it was only a little while before he had left his playmates and friends forever. His little life was finished.

That afternoon Lovely Lump went to his new home, and Pussy Willow was so lonely and unhappy at the loss of her mates that the next morning Tommy was harnessed into the cart, and we took her back to the home where she was born and where there were six other cats, including her mother. She was welcomed by a sweet-faced woman, and we said good by, feeling sure of her future.—Frances J. Ayer.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

A. H. CLOUGH.

Recent Stories About Dogs

At this season when so many dogs are turned out of their homes because their selfish owners begrudge a small sum to license them, or will not take the trouble of providing for them or mercifully killing them, as much as possible should be said and written to lead the people to recognize their usefulness, their devotion to their owner and their capacity for suffering.

In this number I will give a chapter on dogs, my only difficulty being which incidents to choose among the very great number that are related and written every week showing reasons why we owe these companions and helpers of man our kind care and sympathy. It would be easy to fill the whole magazine with such stories.

Next month I will take up the stories of cats, but these are not so numerous and I shall be glad to have any such stories sent in.

Devoted and Faithful

Many fire engine houses have their "mascot." In Indianapolis this mascot is Tom, a bull terrier of unusual intelligence and many accomplishments. When Tom has once been told a thing, unlike many children, she (for Tom is a she) never forgets it. She rings the bell in the tower when a notice is to be given that the streets must be cleared. She does not follow the engine, but she guards the house while the men are all out and gives each man a most affectionate welcome when he returns. She is skilled in playing ball, and she loves to show off all her little tricks to every visitor.

Tom is a loving and friendly creature with only one aversion, that is the man who cut her ears, and in this feeling she again proves her intelligence. She cannot forget the pain he caused her to suffer. In her happy life this one cruel deed stands out in her memory, and when the man who did the deed comes to the engine house it is at once known by Tom's behavior. She begins to growl, and growls until he goes away. If he goes near her the men are obliged to hold her to prevent her from flying at her enemy.

Beep, an intelligent black poodle, passed the twenty years of her life in the navy. She was a good sailor and the crew of the Alliance were so

attached to her that when her master received his discharge, the ship being then in the China seas, he thought he would not take her the long journey to America but would leave her in the home on board the ship which she had so long enjoyed.

But evidently the man did not understand the depth of affection his dog had for him. He went on his way leaving his faithful companion behind, and she pined for him until she sickened and died.

The grief of the men on the ship was so great that they insisted upon burying Beep with the honors they gave one of their comrades. She was carried to a grave in the public gardens at Nagasaki by a guard of soldiers and marines and buried to the music of the Dead March. A volley was fired over her grave, and then taps sounded by the bugler.

Working Dogs

On an uptown street on the east side of the city, hundreds of people daily pause at a blacksmith's shop to watch three large and intelligent Newfoundland dogs, who are employed by the brawny smithy to work the bellows of the forges of his shop, says the New York News.

In one corner of the shop is a wooden wheel, about eight feet in diameter, and wide enough for a dog to stand in. When the wheel is at rest the dog stands in much the same position as the horse in a child's rocker, with its head always turned toward the forge, awaiting orders. When told to "go ahead" the dog on duty at once starts on a brisk trot, which makes the wheel turn around rapidly, and by means of a crank and lever the power is conveyed to the bellows.

The dogs work willingly and with such intelligence that people are never weary of watching the efforts of the animals to keep the smithy's fires bright. Each dog works in the wheel for one hour and then rests for two. They cost their owner about two dollars a week each to feed, and he estimates that they save him twelve dollars a week, as otherwise it would require at least the services of two men or a small engine to do their work.

In Portsmouth, England, is a dog which does a man's work, not because he is compelled, but evidently because he likes to make himself useful in this way. He is a fox terrier and his name is Jack.

Early in the morning he trots down to the pier and there he stays all day, ever on the lookout for a steamer, for he got into his head some time ago the idea that his mission in life was to catch the mooring ropes as they are thrown ashore from such vessels, and this duty he has faithfully performed ever since. Taking up his position on the landing stage, he catches the ropes in his mouth and runs with them to men, who then make the steamers fast.

A Broken Heart

It is time that all intelligent persons turned a little more of their observation upon the lower animals. It is to be hoped that school-teachers generally will teach the children that our fourfooted friends suffer mental pain as well as bodily pain, and are as sensitive as human beings. Jealousy is a common characteristic of dogs and cats, and it is no unusual thing to hear of an animal dying of jealousy.

Jack, the famous police dog of Logansport, Indiana, known as Sherlock Holmes, a dog who made many remarkable captures and was invaluable in the service, died last January, and his death, it was generally believed, was due to jealousy.

A new dog was installed in the police headquarters in the place which for years had been Jack's, and a few hours later Jack disappeared. As he never before had left the station for any length of time, the patrolmen were alarmed and began a search, which resulted in the finding of the body of the faithful dog lying in the street, with nothing to indicate the cause of his death. Jealousy is the cause attributed by the patrolmen.

For four years Jack had held undisputed sway as the Sherlock Holmes of the department. One night the animal walked into police headquarters and made himself at home. No one knew where he came from. To people he knew the dog was amicable, but tramps and Italians were his sworn enemies.

When a prisoner became unruly Jack was always on hand to quiet him down. When a patrolman was in trouble Jack was there to give assistance. When everything was quiet the dog lay half asleep at headquarters, but when trouble arose he would patrol the streets all night long.

Jack had several arrests to his credit, and when in his prime was feared and respected by loafers.

and criminals. One night the dog appeared at headquarters with his teeth locked tightly in the trousers of a supposed tramp. The prisoner was discovered to be a well-known crook, and the dog's sagacity was thought to have balked an attempted robbery.

The body of the faithful animal was buried and over the grave was placed a stone with the simple inscription, "Jack, the Police Dog."

A bulldog owned by Edgar Case of Liberty, Mo., has recently died of grief. His master was obliged to leave him to go to Kansas as a witness in a murder case. The dog had always shown great uneasiness if separated from his master even for a day, and the prolonged absence proved too much for his endurance. He could not be sustained by the hope that those have who are in correspondence with absent ones they love, and "without hope the heart will break," even a dog's.

A gamekeeper was fatally shot in the Tregothan woods January 26. The next afternoon the body was discovered and sitting by it on guard was a retriever puppy who, when the men tried to touch the body, defended it savagely. The dog had been there in a cold, pouring rain for about twenty-four hours, and it was almost impossible to get him away from the spot.

Elcho, a beautiful water spaniel belonging to a man in Pennsylvania, died last fall of old age and was deeply mourned. This intelligent dog had received the Reading Daily Eagle from the hands of the agent nearly twelve years. He knew the time for the paper to come and went to the door and watched. When he heard the cry "paper" he barked and ran down the yard to the gate to receive it. He never missed an evening, and on Saturday brought out the money in a purse to pay for the paper.

He went to the post office and carried home all letters, parcels, etc., received through the mail. His owner would separate the mail, and giving the dog a letter for a member of the family would tell him the name of the one to take it to, which he would invariably do. He would then sit up and beg for a reward of cake or candy.

The dog went out with the cows to pasture in the morning, and remained with them the greater

part of the day, and in the evening would help to bring them home. He could jump through a hoop three feet above the ground; he would sit up with a pipe in his mouth and could turn somersaults. The dog died of old age.

A Life Saver

A full-blooded Newfoundland dog belonging to William C. Shields, Bath Beach hotel keeper, says the New York Sun, jumped into the water at that place and saved the life of eight-year-old Eona Burke. The little girl, in charge of her nurse, went down to the captain's pier for a stroll. The nurse became engaged in conversation with one of the waiters employed on the pier and let her charge wander about. The little girl leaned too far over the end of the pier, and before any one was aware of her danger she lost her balance and fell over into thirty feet of water.

The tide was running very strong, and the little one would surely have been drowned but for the dog that had been enjoying a nap on the pier at the time. While the few men that were on the pier were thinking about what to do, the dog jumped overboard and, catching the child by the dress, held her up and started to swim for the shore, one hundred yards distant.

The dog made a good struggle, but the tide was so strong that he made little headway. Mr. Shields, who was quick to see the danger of the dog and the little one, at once launched a rowboat and went to the aid of the two. When Mr. Shields reached the dog the little one was unconscious, while the dog was almost exhausted. When Mr. Burke learned that the dog had saved his little one he at once ordered the best dog collar that could be bought, to be suitably engraved, testifying to the rescue of the little girl.

The death of a doctor living in Freeport, Long Island, on March 29, was followed by a pathetic incident. He had a valuable hunting dog that had been his close companion for years. The dog seemed crazed with grief when deprived of his master's company and soon after the funeral services were over he died, very evidently from the effect of his grief. More pathetic would it have been, however, had the dog lived to be neglected. Death is not always the worst evil that can befall our fourfooted friends.

A Gold Discoverer

Two miners in Nevada owe the discovery of a rich ledge of ore to their dog, a common mongrel, who led them to the place and stood rigid on the rock, his nose pointing in the air. Surprised by this behavior, the men began to investigate, and discovered a valuable gold mine which will probably make their fortunes.



VIXEN.

Miss Cecilia Ritter is an active and useful worker for our fourfooted friends. She is one of the officers of the Ohio Humane Society which has its headquarters in Cincinnati.

Six years ago Miss Ritter found in her yard a poor and very hungry little stray Skye terrier. She took the dog in and fed her and advertised her; but no owner came, and under care the dog improved. This little dog appeared to have a great love for the piano, and one day she astonished Miss Ritter by jumping on the piano stool and playing the piano with her paws. Now, whenever she is taken into the room where the piano is, the dog jumps on the piano stool, barks and pounds the keys at the same time. The dog is an accomplished beggar, and from her many pranks has been dubbed "Vixen" by Miss Ritter.

**CARE OF OUR
USEFUL FRIENDS**

Man has been studying man for thousands of years without arriving at any better conclusions than that which the ancient philosophers and the God-fearing men of olden times reached when they declared that to do good was better than sacrifice or burnt offering. Would it not be well if men began now a study hitherto almost entirely neglected and tried to understand the mental conditions of other animals beside themselves?

The principal study of what men call the lower animals has been to find out how much they can work and endure in man's service; what they might possibly feel, and how much they are capable of suffering, are questions that do not appear to trouble the average man.

A very good illustration of this careless indifference to an animal's mental and physical condition is connected with a race horse, Monroe Salisbury's trotter, Monte Carlo. This horse had done most remarkable work for his owner, trotting two races a week and winning them with ease, when suddenly he began to hold back and show an unexpected and unusual reluctance to enter the races. What was the result? Did his owner reason logically about this new departure of Monte Carlo's, and knowing how bravely he had met all the demands upon him before, conclude that the horse had some good reason for not racing? Not at all. The horse was urged and forced on to the race course, and the account says that he "was called all kinds of hard names, and finally labelled a failure," when he balked and could not be made to trot.

At this point, when Monte Carlo absolutely refused to trot, Mr. Salisbury concluded to poultice his feet, and after a little time a sharp stone worked out of one of his front feet just above the hoof. The stone had entered the bottom of the foot in the cleft next the frog, and when the horse was acting as his owner thought badly and obstinately, he was really trying to tell his obtuse master how much he was suffering.

That was a righteous retribution which befell Henry A. Thorne of Germantown, Philadelphia, who had been amusing himself by getting up

boxing contests with his dog, a Great Dane. Mr. Thorne wore boxing gloves and taught his dog to stand up and defend himself. The last encounter he had with his dog Mr. Thorne aimed so many hard blows at the dog's head and neck that the animal, maddened by the pain, hurled himself with such fury at his master that the man was thrown violently down and his ribs were crushed. He was carried to the hospital and soon died, a victim to his own brutality.

There is danger in chaining a dog up for the night. Accidents are often occurring like that which befell Mike, a bulldog, the mascot of the Young Men's Christian Association in Orange, New Jersey. His master chained him in a compartment which was probably arranged like the benches in dog shows. In the morning he was found hanging over the edge of the compartment dead. He was an accomplished and companionable dog, and so great a favorite that the young men gave him a public funeral. A coffin was made and decked with flowers. The body lay in the reception room all the afternoon and was buried in the lawn in the evening. A collection was taken up to purchase a stone.

At a dog show in Boston one of the night watchmen saved the lives of several dogs that he found had slipped over the edge of their compartments and were slowly strangling to death.

Elephant Crazyed by the Cold

In St. Paul, Minnesota, last January, an elephant belonging to an animal show which had been going the rounds of the theatres almost killed his keeper and demolished the freight house, the cause of his frenzy being directly traced to his suffering from the cold. During the previous night he had plainly shown how much he suffered, and when morning came and he was released, in order to get him into a car for removal, he was wholly uncontrollable. It is not often that such direct consequences are shown from evil deeds. "The mills of the gods grind slowly."

If the horse is going to do good work he should be generously fed, not only with hay, but with grain. We should not expect a half-starved man or boy to do good work, and it is just as impossible or a horse.

HUMANE EDUCATION

Zoological Gardens

Mrs. Herman J. Hall, vice-president of the National Park and Outdoor Art Association, says: "Zoölogical gardens are relics of barbarism. It is not scientific, it is not educational, it is not humane to keep creatures of the animal kingdom caged and then worried and harassed by the stream of curious eyes that gloat over their captivity from day to day. The animals and birds cannot be healthy and natural in their unnatural and restricted quarters. Not only are the poor creatures a menace to each other from a health standpoint, but they are the medium of disease communication to their human visitors.

"In the zoölogical gardens at New York there are hundreds of birds dying of tuberculosis and communicating that dread scourge to the hundreds of men, women and children which flock before the cages daily.

"What possible good can come of taking the liberty of these creatures? Removed from their natural environment and subjected to artificial conditions and annoying publicity, from which animals naturally shrink, how can it be expected that visitors to the zoo, especially children, are going to obtain a clear and helpful and instructive idea of animal life? To be sure it gratifies curiosity, it affords the small boy a chance to plague the monkeys and pelt the bears with something beside peanuts when the attendants are not looking, but it does not instruct, neither does it develop that kindly sympathy which should exist between man and the lower orders of life. In fact, it develops, on the other hand, a disposition to cruelty on the part of the child."

Because one vicious dog got excited and ran through the streets of Buffalo, biting four persons, all the dogs have got to be muzzled, by which ordinance doubtless many more dogs will be made vicious and diseased. No one has a right to let a vicious or a sick dog run at large, but many dogs are made vicious by boys who delight in teasing them. The dog in question was reported to have rabies. A great many dogs are said to be "mad" when they have nothing more than a fit of indigestion or epilepsy.

An unnecessary cat scare has arisen in New York, and under its influence a statute requiring cats as well as dogs to wear collars has been framed. The plan is to give the Board of Health authority to have every dog and cat seen on the streets or at large without a collar killed. This killing will be done by officials of the city, and from records received of similar acts in cities elsewhere it is reasonable to conclude that a great deal of cruelty will be the result. The Rochester, New York, Post has an editorial on the subject which treats the matter rather lightly, yet contains a good deal of truth and is entertainingly written. In it the writer says:

"To think that the twentieth century should begin so badly as this! . . . And now a mere municipal officer would legislate tom and tabby and kitten into bondage, would buckle the symbol of serfdom around their fluffy necks, would make them amenable to the laws of man, would restrain them in their nocturnal wanderings, and would put them on the same plane as the indispensable but obsequious dog. Bah! Such talk is nonsense. In the first place, if a cat is to be punished, the animal must necessarily be captured, and who ever heard of any one catching a cat that didn't want to be caught? All the beadies in New York, assisted by all the varlets of the health department and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, couldn't catch the lowliest tom or tabby in the great metropolis. And even if they did occasionally catch a cat—for the sake of argument we shall assume that it is possible—what good would it do? Has not a cat nine lives? Dr. Darlington should have thought of these things before he instigated his bill. He is an excellent citizen and an able health officer. But he doesn't know cats."

The capture of a homeless cat must be done by degrees; it cannot be done without careful and wary advances. A hurried attempt drives a cat to frenzy. Shooting a cat is next to an impossibility, unless the cat is quietly sitting up for a target. The whole idea of this new departure is cruel and absurd, and it is to be hoped that the friends to humanity will soon put a stop to it.

Do not keep litters of kittens and give them away to children to be misused. Drown all but one in a pail of tepid water.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

Frances Power Cobbe

The death of Frances Power Cobbe, who passed away in the eighty-second year of her age at her home in Dolgelly, Wales, is a loss to the world. There have been few women, or men either for that matter, who have done so much for the prevention of cruelty to the lower animals as Miss Cobbe.

She was born in December, 1822, and was the daughter of Charles Cobbe of Newbridge House, Dublin, an Ulster landlord who inherited a large estate from his grandfather, an archbishop of Dublin. From early life Miss Cobbe began to interest herself in philanthropic work. She investigated the conditions of the workhouses, and by pen and by voice endeavored to obtain redress for many wrongs then existing, particularly in relation to women. Miss Cobbe was an active journalist at one time, being correspondent for a London daily paper in Rome and also in Florence. She wrote articles for many periodicals and published several books. Her little book on the dog, entitled *The Friend of Man*, is worthy of a wide circulation and shows a great deal of research into the early history of the dog.

Soon after the Animal Rescue League of Boston was started Miss Cobbe, having one of the reports sent her, became interested in this work. She subscribed for the League paper, *Our Fourfooted Friends*, and wrote a most encouraging letter, a part of which I will quote:

"Dear Mrs. Huntington Smith,—I am so much touched and delighted with the still later number of *Our Fourfooted Friends* that I am prompted to write to you and express my sympathy. I do feel that such training in tenderness to animals as your League is giving through your writings will be of inestimable benefit to the poor dumb brutes. Half the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the world, and the humane leagues, are only negations of cruelty, and as such their effect is merely to check the evil. Your teaching is the positive kindness, the active endeavor not only to save the animals from pain and hunger, but to make them happy. I ardently hope that many more will catch the infection of love and kindness

from your work and will ever be deterred from active cruelty. . . . May God bless you and help your beautiful work."

It can readily be understood that this letter is carefully treasured.

No more fitting close to this brief obituary can be written than to quote what Miss Cobbe wrote in relation to the immortality of the lower animals:

"That love of man for his non-human friend, which inspires the hope that they may be 'united in some equal sky' hereafter, is, like every other sentiment which instinctively stretches out towards the infinite, an ennobling one. It is not only (albeit this is a very strong impression on many of us) our sense of justice which forces us to project into the void some hope of recompense and joy for the brute whose earthly life has been miserable, but also our own affection which refuses to contemplate extinction in any direction. Like vines we stretch out tendrils on all sides,—large ones on which we hang, small ones which bind us to some lesser plant in God's garden. To think that any of them will be cut off rudely is to contemplate the mutilation and impoverishment of our own natures, of which growth and expansion are the vital laws. In a deeper sense perhaps than the poet thought of as he wrote the words, it is true that

"They sin who tell us Love can die.""

This beautiful sentiment is taken from *The Friend of Man*, and many hearts that have ached for the loss of a devoted fourfooted friend will heartily endorse it.

Such work as Frances Power Cobbe did can never die, but will go on through the years and hasten the day when mercy and justice will be extended to all living things.

Few people realize the suffering of dogs or cats when they lose their friends. A man who recently committed suicide in Brooklyn, New York, left a little dog who had been his companion for several years uncared for, and locked into the room where he was found. The dog's piteous cries were the means of notifying lodgers in the house that something was wrong. Would this man have left a child helplessly starving there?

An unfortunate woman committed suicide, but first she put to death her little pet dog, and so prevented it from certain misery.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES



WORK HORSE PARADE.

The Animal Rescue has been able through the kindness of a member of the League, Mrs. J. Amory Codman, to offer the second prize in the Old Horse Class in the Boston Work Horse Parade which will take place May 30. The prize is \$10, and horses eligible to this class must be in active service and must have been owned and used by the person making the entry (or by his predecessor in the business) for not less than ten years prior to the entry. The prizes will be awarded to the horses in best condition, age and length of service considered. The first prize is a gold medal, value \$20, and is offered by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The president of this association is Mr. R. Ashton Lawrence; Mr. H. C. Merwin is secretary, and Austin Peters, M. R. C. V. S., is treasurer. The object is to improve the condition and treatment of work horses used in and about Boston; to induce owners and drivers to take more pride in their appearance, and the public to take more interest in their welfare; to procure better watering facilities, suitable pavements; to prevent overloading and beating and the use of lame horses;

to maintain or assist others in maintaining a horse sanitarium, or home for horses in need of rest or temporarily disabled.

The Old Horse Class in the work horse parade, for which the Animal Rescue League has offered a second prize of ten dollars, has received many entries, and will probably be the most interesting class in the parade. The marshal for this class will be Mr. H. O. Houghton of Cambridge, who will ride his saddle horse, warranted to be forty years old, but still lively and in good condition.

In its account of the work horse parade held last year, one of the Boston newspapers remarked that every horse and wagon in the parade where there was a dog sitting beside the driver took a prize. "Dogs are evidently mascots in the horse business," said the reporter. The secretary of the Work Horse Parade Association, being fond of dogs, was struck by this statement, and he tried to ascertain if it was based on facts. He found that it was almost, if not exactly, true. The dog-carrying drivers, with possibly one or two exceptions, took a prize in every case. Nor is there anything surprising in this result. A man who is fond of dogs is usually fond of horses as well; and a teamster who is really fond of his horses will always have them in better condition and looking better than one who is in the business simply to earn a living.

Those who have been acquainted with the reports of the Animal Rescue League from the beginning of the work will remember that in the first report that was published the strong desire and intention was expressed to have a country annex where old and tired horses, as well as some of the dogs and cats it seemed desirable to keep temporarily, might enjoy a period of comfort before they were killed, which is the only reward we can give them for their lifelong service to man. We still hope for this country home to complete our work. We ought to have it, and we believe that generous friends will some time help us to get it; but meanwhile the opportunity for helping horses has been given us through the kindness of one of our members, Miss E. W. Storer, who had a successful and enjoyable whist tournament at her home in Cambridge in April, and presented the proceeds — one hundred dollars

— to the League for the expressed purpose of securing a stall at the Red Acre Farm in Stow for one year.

At the same time Mrs. Edward Frothingham gave the League a sum of money which will enable us to purchase one of the unfortunate horses put up for sale at the auction rooms, and save it from the fate of the junk wagon and starvation rations in some miserable stable or shed. I am sure all our members will rejoice with us that we are able thus to enlarge our work.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Animal Rescue League was given in Concord through the kind interest of one of our members, and was greatly enjoyed by those present. Mr. Howe is a most entertaining speaker, and his account of travels in Russia and Japan was very interesting. The musical program was furnished by Mrs. W. W. Campbell, Mrs. Benj. Derby, Jr., Mrs. W. S. Leland, Mr. J. S. Vanderville and Mr. W. S. Leland, and added greatly to the evening's pleasure. The proceeds, about \$6.00, were not large, as the attendance was small, but the main object, which was to spread the knowledge of the League, was achieved.

Friends of the League can help along the work by making articles for the fair next December, and by asking their friends to do the same.

No charitable or city institution can long escape some cruel attack upon it, and the League cannot hope to be more fortunate than many other good organizations, but it is most depressing and discouraging when one mistake is made to make use of it to injure a work that is so necessary and that saves so much suffering. A newspaper story conveying a wrong impression has given the president of the League great sorrow, because there are always those who will not take the trouble to find out the truth. I will not repeat it here, but I invite any who can for one moment believe that the League would put to death a dog when there seemed to be a possible chance of finding her home, or even of placing her in a good home, to come and visit the League, or if that is not possible, to write and get all the circumstances of this case.

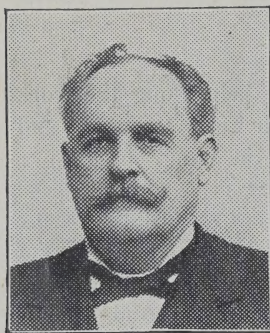
Granting that this dog, a female, afflicted with chorea, without a collar, seen to be left on the sidewalk by a woman who hurried off on the same

car she was on with the dog,—granting that this dog should have been kept over one night, cannot the public understand that the only thought at the League was to save a deserted dog from suffering?

We have, literally, hundreds of cases of dogs and cats, healthy, intelligent, of as much value as this dog was, picked up on the streets. We keep those that are in any condition to keep always several days, often several weeks, until our kennels are full to overflowing. We have even boarded out dogs that it was not convenient to keep, hoping to find them homes, and we have paid license fees several times for poor people who loved their dogs. Not only our kennels but our offices are used to harbor the little dogs that are brought in, and our

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BOSTON, - MASSACHUSETTS

matron's kitchen is never without one or more of them. This was the only instance where a dog has been kept so short a time, excepting when one has been brought in that seemed very sick and suffering or vicious; and as this was not done through any heartlessness, but rather through too much dread of suffering, it should not be used to do injury to a place where so much kindness is shown every day to friendless beasts.

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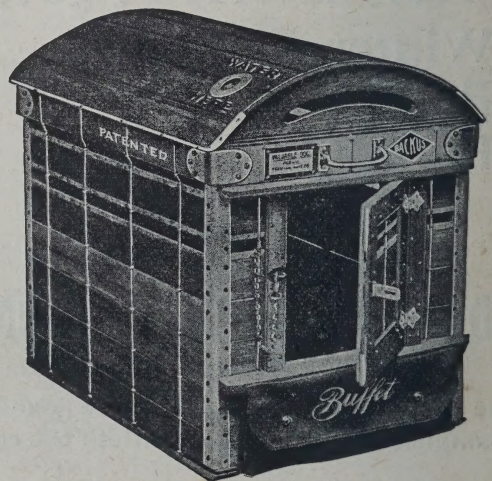
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